



**MY LEAVES**

**FALL '67**



# IVY LEAVES

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## Editorial

The Fall edition of *Ivy Leaves* displays the thoughts and ideas of Anderson College students. The staff seeks to provide an outlet for the creative talents of the literary-minded, giving them the feeling of satisfaction which comes with having one's own work published, as well as entertainment for the College Community.

*Ivy Leaves* aims for the best. However, the magazine can only be as good as the material which is submitted for publication. In this spirit, the staff invites all students to contribute the best of their efforts.

The falling leaves on the cover, designed by Arington Hendley, suggest one of the many changes heralding the arrival of Fall.

N. L. H.

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## Freshmen — Then And Now

"Students, you must keep tuned in." Consciously I was tuned in to Dr. Rouse during the Orientation period of the fall semester. Subconsciously my mind was tuned in to a re-run of an Orientation period twenty years ago, almost to the day, at Anderson College.

The year was 1947. The Freshman Class was about one-half the size of the 1967 group. Dr. Annie Denmark, President of Anderson College, presided.

The theme of her message was geared to challenges that awaited the college student in the year 1947. The challenges were there that freshman year, but only for those who desired to meet them. This freshman met few of them.

Yet, it was not a void year by any means. During that time I became convinced that the one who had sent my first orchid for the high school senior prom was the one God had chosen as my life's companion.

"Listen, are you tuned in, students?" I could have answered Dr. Rouse's question that August morning in the same way that I can answer it today. Twenty years and four children later (and still a freshman) I am tuned in. The reception is clear; the picture is in focus, and the show is beginning to take shape.

Bertha E. Kelly

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## Home

Home is where my heart is;  
Home is where I long to be,  
Home is where my loved ones are  
Who send their love to me.

Janet Taylor

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## Man

Man is small on this large land.  
How little and minute he seems.  
Let us not forget, on the other hand,  
This land was built from his dreams.

Martha Wells

## Desire

Give me a place where  
People seem to care.  
Give me complete laughter  
And smiles that come after.  
Give me a dream.

David Flowers

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## Happiness

A warm hello, a gentle kiss  
The moment sadness turns to bliss  
The feeling laughter gives inside  
The day you hold your head with pride  
To help a lost soul in despair  
To know that God is with you there  
A welcomed look from those you love  
A wish upon the stars above  
To have a special dream come true  
To have a friend and be one too  
To know that you can find joy best  
When you, yourself, bring "Happiness."

Danette Needham

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## "Kickoff"

12:45: "Forty-five minutes until kickoff. The tension is already mounting for the biggest game of the year. Five more miles to go. Ordinarily a five minute trip, but today, I'll be lucky to make it by one o'clock."

"One dollar and fifty cents to park. Boy! Somebody sure makes money here. Look out mister! Let me in first. Thank goodness I got my ticket; just look at that line. No, son, I don't want to sell my ticket. No, not even for fifty dollars—can't miss this one."

"Peanuts, popcorn, candy, gum here! Hey, scoreboard and pencil here. Ice cold Coca Cola! Hey, cotton candy here!"

"Never could figure out why those hot dogs taste so good at a football game. They're half cooked, but with a lot of mustard and a chewey roll they sort of take the chill away."

"I'm glad I wore this extra sweater.—Well, finally inside—got to hurry—can't miss one second. Boy, upper deck, section AR, this way. Even seats to the right, odd to the left, boxes straight ahead. Twenty-five cents to the usher, if I ever get up these stairs!"

"Hurry up, there's the National Anthem. Everybody's standing up—I can't see, I can't see!"

"Oh no, I missed it! I missed it—the kickoff."

"Well, better luck next week."

Danette Needham

## Dejection

(Based on Coleridge's "Work Without Hope")

All Nature seems at work.  
Autumn is stirring in the open lane;  
Leaves are falling on the window pane;  
And I, in despair, am the sole inactive thing.

I walk the banks where laurels blow—  
Where the water ripples o'er rocks below.  
I see the laurels as they sway beside the flowing waters,  
And to myself I say:

"Bloom, O ye laurels! Bloom while ye may;  
For me, ye bloom not!  
Glide, O ye stream! Glide miles away;  
For me, ye glide not!

"Work, O Nature, in thy land so sweet,  
Where neither grief abounds, nor people weep;  
And thou'll not hear a mournful tone  
For everything's happy all alone—except me.

"For me, ye work not.  
For me, hope is not."

Dale White

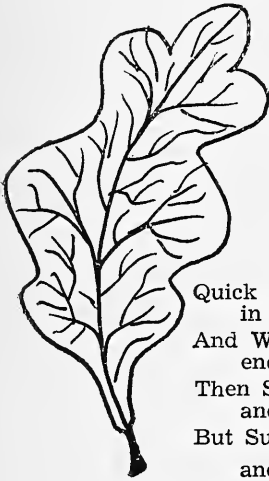
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## A Secret Revealed

You may search for it in music or books,  
In flowery meadows or by quiet brooks,  
In the song of a bird or a loved one's eyes  
Or by playing a game or winning a prize.  
In all of these you may find a part  
But the whole of happiness is in your heart.

Ronald Wilson

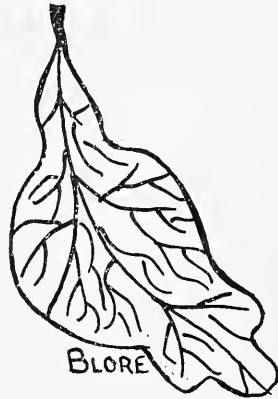
## Ways Of Passing



Quick Autumn tumbles past,  
in myriads of leaves,  
And Winter breezes through  
encased in sheets of ice.  
Then Spring just whispers by,  
and almost isn't there;  
But Summer hazily lazes through  
and

takes  
its  
own  
good  
time  
about  
it.

Mike Creswell



## The Car — 1987

A new car glided from the showroom and slipped into the west-bound lane. Solar engines hummed softly and stayed well below the two hundred miles per hour limit. With all the fury of August, the sun shone on the low plasticized body and the forty thousand dollar price tag.

The middle-aged man at the steering buttons was nervous about driving the powerful machine. He absently flipped a switch and let down the bubble top. Seeing a car slow down abruptly in front of him, he hit a button brake and six brown plaston tires bit into the road. The big car lurched sideways before he could regain control. The man wiped his suddenly damp brow and flipped on the climate control. A grape-flavored sedative was provided by the dash dispenser to calm his shaking hands.

He turned into a quiet artificial park to rest his jangled nerves. Heads turned when he parked, and he commended himself for his good taste in cars. Suddenly the boom of an atomic jet overhead split his serenity. He glanced up in annoyance, for that type of loud jet was forbidden city air space. He flipped on the radio to some soft music and let the seat back to rest. When the excited announcement came, he was nerly asleep. He heard words about New York's being the first to go. His hands shook violently as he started the car. The car spun out of the lot and shot down the narrow park road.

A sharp curve was ahead, but the man was looking at the sky. He jabbed at the controls, but too late. The car surged over the edge of the road. It plowed artificial grass and plastic flowers before crashing into a real tree fifty yards off the road. The man leaped out and ran, leaving the car with its crumpled fender.

Silence gathered around the car, but, off in the distance, there were shrill sounds mixed with occasional roaring noises. Time passed. A week, then a month passed. The car sat, little affected by the elements. Man's knowledge of plastics and synthetics had proved almost perfect. Had the car been human, it would have thought it peculiar that no one came for it. It was an expensive car, and the park was only a few miles out of the city . . .

But the car remained where it was, and time passed. The park fell into disrepair and live grass fought artificial grass for space. The car might have thought it funny that no one took care of the place. Papers were blown idly across the week-choked paths and piled against the car's copper bumpers. One yellowed copy of a newspaper had three-inch headlines that read "WAR DECLARED."

Mike Creswell



## Fog

The fog comes creeping in without a care,  
Tickling the blossoms with wet drops in the  
    meadow,  
And, like a thick, white blanket, covering  
    things here and there  
Without a thought for tomorrow.

Nancy Nixon

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## A Tear

It fell—a tear,  
Clear and salty, running down my cheek,  
Running swiftly to my chin, it  
Marked a heartache not at end.

It fell slowly and was sweet,  
Because it drained me of too much sorrow,  
And made me see new love would come  
If I were willing to forget—a tear.

Margaret Sosebee

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## Love

A boy, a girl,  
    Together.  
The moon, the stars,  
    A kiss.  
A caress, three whispered words—  
    Love!

Iris Rampey

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## Loneliness

To be  
Lonely is to  
Ache deep in the heart and  
Have for your best friend the lonesome,  
Cold wind.

Kathy Bagwell



## Death Of A Tree

No longer green boughs in the winter  
And never again shade in the summer—  
The sweet pine smell is gone for good;  
The monarch of the forest is dead.

Now a new space for the sun to  
Play havoc on the glass—  
Now an empty place on the horizon,  
Now a sorrow in my heart for a pine tree,  
Choked to death by a clothesline.

Elva C. Martin

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## The Land

I am the land.  
    I wait, immobile and patiently,  
        For the foot to tread me  
            And the hand to wield me.  
Divers lusts and divers greeds scorch man's heart  
    over me,  
But through the years and centuries here I  
    remain  
Hard and cold in winter, fertile and warm in  
    summer.  
Man's lusts and greeds and passions and sorrows  
    will never move my heart of stone,  
But give me a man, a good, hard-working man,  
A man with God in his heart and a hoe  
    in his hand,  
A man who waits for spring as a thirsty child  
    waits for water,  
A man who loves the smell of wet, newly upturned  
    earth as a bee loves honeysuckle,  
With this man who has such a heart and his hoe,  
    see the blessings plentiful I'll bestow.

Elva C. Martin

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## Distressing Thought

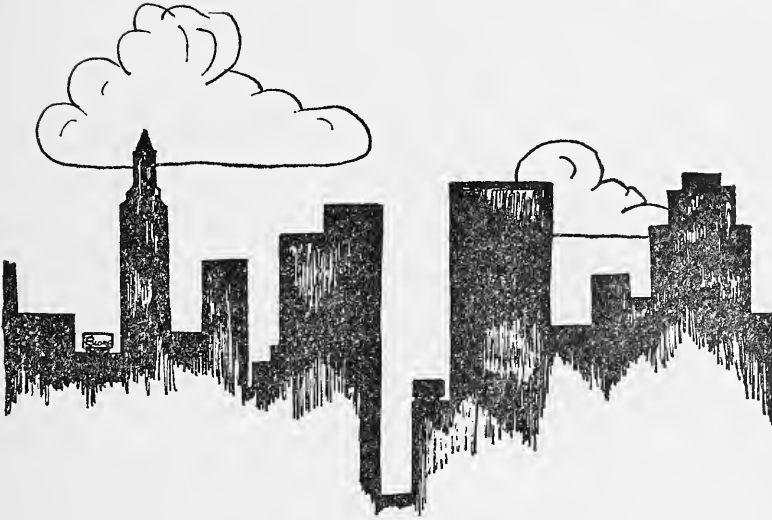
To discover that one is no longer  
    a child,  
To look at the young, gay upstarts and  
    wonder if one ever was.  
And to find no solace in the  
    world of the adult,  
But to find oneself wedged quite  
    securely  
In between two worlds.

Elva C. Martin

## Things I Love

Wet streets  
and dripping trees  
Smile wrinkles  
and busy hands  
Friday P.M.'s  
and Sunday A.M.'s  
Whispered words in a corridor  
and a buzzing bee in the sunshine  
Bright lights feeling through the darkness  
and memories of a past love.

Elva C. Martin



## New York

Black, forbidding, beckoning city,  
will you leave your true saints to die unheralded?  
Will your poor walk the streets,  
their life full of travail for ever?  
"Give Unto Me" you have proclaimed  
to all of the world, but for what—  
To live their meager existence and  
eke out of your hidden mysteries a thimbleful of peace?  
Yes, city so magnificent, city whose  
highest arms scrape heaven,  
Tell me these things; whisper to me  
your secrets, for I do not know and am seeking knowledge.  
Will your saints die unheralded?

Elva C. Martin



## A Hippy's Trip To Unreality

I paddle down the stream of life,  
I'm heading further toward the sea  
Away from all the stress and strife  
To the sea named unreality.

The sea is deep and dark and wide,  
But I must travel on  
If I expect to ever hide  
From life and all I've done.

The journey lasts but for awhile,  
And then I must return,  
And try my best to face with a smile  
The lesson I must learn.

Escape is only for an hour,  
A day, or maybe longer.  
But every time it takes more power;  
The next dose must be stronger.

Jonathan Youmans



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## Escape

Suddenly, like a bird set free, I rose from the ground. Before I knew it, I was gliding through the clouds. There I was as free as a bird. My life in the present world vanished as I flew higher and higher. I was entering a new world—a world of my own. This new world was fascinating. As I looked beneath me, I saw the hills and the plains. I saw the fields blocked in the shape of squares, each representing one individual's life. I visioned the minute cars which were symbolic of the chaotic world below. It felt so good to be free at last—free from the reality and the bitterness of this cold, heartless world. Then, suddenly, it was all over; the plane landed. No longer was I free. I had flown back into the cage of reality.

Sandra Boswell

## Another World

I have heard of the fun and frivolity;  
I must venture into their world.  
But they are not my type people;  
Should I go?

I ventured alone outside the door.  
Standing, momentarily, I felt something  
Grasp my arm.  
We went in.

There was the smoke-filled room and dimmed lights.  
The laughter of couples sitting alone or  
Wandering from table to table,  
Gave me a feeling of discomfort—the desire to run.  
Should I go?

No, I must stay and explore their world—  
Find why they love this life.  
Then, through the choking smoke,  
The indecisive truth was revealed to me.  
It was their world of . . . escape.

Linda Stone

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## Somewhere

Somewhere there is a place for me;  
Someday I'll find my destiny.  
I'll not give up until it's found;  
I'll search the entire world around.  
I know this place will surely be  
A place where happiness is free—  
A place where babbling brooks are heard  
And Nature's beauty is never stirred.  
My dreams will come true there every day  
And God will be near as oft I pray.  
Songs of Bluebirds will fill the air  
And someone will find the time to care.  
I'll search the world, both land and sea,  
To find this place made just for me.

Danette Needham

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## Blind

How is it that I never heard  
The sound of crickets late at night  
Or felt the wind blow through my hair  
Or found romance by candle-light?  
Why is it that I couldn't sing  
About the beauty of the earth?  
Why did the world look cold and gray—  
Why did I fear a new day's birth?  
Then magic seemed to touch my world  
Like dew-drops falling from the sky.  
I saw a rainbow in the blue,  
And people looked and asked me why.  
I turned my head and glanced around  
To tell the secret my heart knew.  
The mystery then revealed itself,  
For, near me, I saw you.

Danette Needham

## Out Of The Night

Suddenly, out of the darkness it came. Out of that cold foreboding night, without any warning whatsoever, came the low sinister moan. And a girl with shoulder-length blonde hair heard it.

She had been asleep when the moan first began, and it had been intermingled with some dream she was having, but after the dream was over and she knew that she was awake, she could still hear it—soft, modulating and vaguely terrifying.

A dog, she thought, lost out there in the acres of forests surrounding the dark house. Nothing more.

Her eyes closed again, and she was drifting back into the dream when the moaning stopped for a moment. Then came a short masculine cough, and, again, the moaning. At first she was unnerved—on the verge of seeing what it was, but, then she remembered that Amy was in the bed on the other side of the room and was probably dreaming.

In her mind she pictured Amy in that other bed, her dark hair falling off the pillow onto the floor—Amy, the cute girl whose parents owned a big house out in the middle of nowhere, who bought her a new Corvette every year, and who now had gone to New York for a couple of weeks leaving the house, the car, and money at Amy's disposal.

"Of course I could stay at the Hilton," Amy had said a few days back, "because we have a standing account with them, but then it's so much more fun to stay out here and have the whole place to yourself . . ."

The whole place to yourself . . . The girl with shoulder-length blonde hair, Kay, was thinking about this when the coughs—three in succession came from a masculine throat. Amy's voice was too high pitched. But it was ridiculous to be scared in the twentieth century.

But, she thought, if it isn't Amy, who can it be?

She opened her eyes, looked at Amy's bed, and felt relieved. Everything was in its place . . . Amy's supple figure was on the bed, silhouetted against the broad french windows. The rocking chair was near the window, too—black and massive against the gray facing of the windows. It appeared as if it were looking out across the lawn, guarding it and swaying back and forth.

Kay thought again—"The whole place to yourself," and she would have screamed if she hadn't been so scared.

A cough, deep and masculine, came; then the rocking-back-and-forth. Kay suddenly remembered the radio from last night.

She and Amy had just left the party in Amy's Corvette, and a song was interrupted—"A patient from the State Mental Hospital escaped late this afternoon—and has strangled two nurses. He is described as being over six feet tall with blonde hair and light complexion. He has a Swedish accent and a persistent smoker's cough . . ."

Amy switched the station.

"Well," Kay had said, "I guess we'll stay at our house tonight."

"Why? I thought it was agreed . . ."

"But the bulletin—that man—he might be out there right now, just waiting . . ."

"Ah, the hospital's on the other side of town . . ."

"But he killed two nurses . . ."

"Good grief, Kay, he's probably south of the border right now. Why should he stay around here?"

"I'll go," Kay said reluctantly, "but I won't like it."

Amy had laughed, had thought it was a joke, but Kay was serious while she looked at Amy thinking—'rich kid'—has everything her way. What do I get out of running with people like this? Sleep in their big houses. Big deal.

She waited until he coughed again before she began sliding towards the edge of the bed. When she did finally reach the rug, she felt cold, very cold. She thought it was fear but, then, she realized that it was merely the air conditioning.

It was only three or four steps to the door leading to the hall but, that night, it seemed like a couple of miles.

Sliding across there like a snake, she would stop every time he coughed, and, when he coughed again, she would resume her journey. What could he be thinking about? Nothing probably. Would he miss her, or did he even know that she was over there?

If she could only get to a phone, all would be well—and Amy right then sleeping like a baby! She probably wouldn't even believe it in the morning!

She reached the hall but found it darker than the bedroom. The design of the hall was not clear in her mind. The staircase, she knew, was somewhere, and she did finally find it, falling down half of it though.

Then she was in the den with the door closed, locked, and she was calling the police. While she was dialing, she could hear the rocking overhead.

Before the party on the other end had time to say, "Hello, Police Department," Kay began telling her story, pouring it out—"And," she was almost out of breath, "I heard him coughing, and the radio said he had a cough, and, if Amy wakes up—she'll say what she thinks and—well—it's no telling what he'll do."

"You've got to come; the house is near the golf course; you know where it is—the old Hitchcock place, and—oh my God, the rocking's stopped. He might be hurting Amy. Look! I've got to run to help her, but you come, please come now . . ."

She hung up and ran out into that dark cold hall . . .

She was outside of the room. She could hear the rocking; it seemed faster, somehow more urgent . . .

Her hand was on the door knob.

I'll open it, she was thinking, and then I'll run in there, turn on the light and yell. That will wake Amy. She will jump up and we'll both run out safely.

She pushed lightly on the door; it opened wide.

He saw her—was coming toward her . . .

His hands were on her shaking her fiercely, savagely . . .

She screamed—

"Wake up, Kay," said Amy, "You're dreaming!"

"But, Amy, that **maniac** . . ."

"What maniac?" Kay pointed toward the rocking chair by the window. "Oh that?" Amy laughed, "Why that's just my riding habit. I tossed it there when we hurried off yesterday afternoon."

Len Farmer



## The Stillness Of The Night

Here I sit in my favorite spot on the banks of a small brook. It is twilight time; the radiant sunset has ended, and darkness is slowly seeping out from between the trees, blackening the nearby meadows. As I lean back against the trunk of an oak tree and dig my barefeet in the cooling, wet sand, I feel the peacefulness of the night air. The pleasant breeze rustles the leaves of the majestic trees and whistles through the blades of the tall grass. Now, as I listen, I can hear the night time sounds; the rhythmic gurgling of the stream; the whistling of the wind through the trees; and the persistent chirping of the field crickets, interrupted by an occasional wail of a hoot owl in the distance. Now, as I look upward, I can see my friend, the Moon, smiling at me through the overhanging leaves, and illuminating the whole



sky with a silver, lunar radiance. It is getting late, and soon the darkness will have covered the landscape with a soft, velvety blanket of black.

As I arise to leave my secluded nook by the stream, I feel the fallen dew moistening the bottoms of my feet and realize that I am experiencing one of the most awe-inspiring moments in the life of a country boy: a moment of feeling a far flowing inspiration engendered by Nature at her night-time best.

Dale White

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## Rebirth

Who, oh God, am I to question thy divine powers—I who have sinned and acknowledged my sins? In thy grace I ask for forgiveness, and my soul cries out for pity—a cry seldom heard in our world. Perhaps this cry is a rebirth—a momentary union one finds with God.

Eddie Arnold

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